

1078 Feb 16

THE
Fortunate WEDDING's
GARLAND;

Containing Four Excellent SONGS.

- I. The Fortunate WEDDING: In two Parts.
II. The LADY's Advice.
III. A New SONG.
IV. The HAPPY COUPLE.
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T H E
Fortunate Wedding.

P A R T I.

Tune of, Shepherd Adonia.

IN London fair City a young Man and Maid,
They went to the Temple lately to be wed,
And as they were going young *Nancy* so fair,
Came by and went in for to see them wed there.

A young Merchant likewise at that Time came by,
And beautiful *Nancy* he quickly did spy;
And into the Temple he followed them too,
And in *Nancy's* Ear he began for to woo.

He call'd her his dearest, and said, now behold,
Here's a Coup's a going, To have and to hold,
And if thou art willing this moment to wed,
We two will make one there's no more to be said.

Fair *Nancy* she blushed and thus did reply,
You banter me Sir, and I must deny;
No, no, I protest, I will wed thee this Hour,
I thank you, she said, but 'tis not in my power.

Why, art thou already engag'd to a Man,
No, no, indeed Sir, as my Name it is *Nan*;
But you are a Gentleman it seems to me,
And I am a Servant of a mean Degree,

I value not that then the Merchant reply'd,
 If thou wilt consent, I will make thee my Bride;
 Come, there is the Parson, and I have a Ring,
 And I will maintain thee as fine as a Queen.

A Match then kind Sir, if in earnest you be,
 I freely consent, if you will marry me;
 Then Hand in Hand to the Parson they went,
 Who married them straight to the Merchant's content.

The Parson for marrying these two was well paid,
 But the Bride was in haste, and would not be staid;
 O where dost thou live, the Merchant he cry'd,
 That I may know where to find my pretty Bride.

In *Cheapside* I live, at a Merchant's House the old,
 And hope for to see you when Time you can spare;
 He saluted her then and a Guinea did give,
 And said, I'll come to see you, as sure as I live.

She made a Courtesy, and thus did reply,
 To see you, kind Sir, nothing would be more joy;
 Then home she went smiling with Ring and Token,
 But took all the rest to be nothing but joking.

And the next Week on the *Royal Exchange*,
 For oftentimes Matters fall out very strange,
 The Merchants there met and saluted each other,
 And wonder'd they had not late seen one another.

The Young Merchant to the old one declar'd,
 The Reason is, Sir, that last Week I was marry'd;
 I wish you much joy, then the old one reply'd,
 I hope you have got a rich beautiful Bride.

And when shall I see your fair Lady I pray?
 Be pleas'd to dine with us, and name the Day,
 I thank you, kind Sir, 'tis all in good Time,
 My Wife and myself will wait on you to dine.

I thank you, good Sir, the old Merchant reply'd,
 Give me and my Wife's kind Respects to your Bride.

(4)
I thank you, good Sir, whatever she may be,
A good Word, I hope, she'll have of your Lady.

P A R T II.

IN two Days Time after this young Merchant went
To dine with the other, where to his Content;
He sees his fair Bride, tho' she knew not that Time,
Twas he that had wed her came thither to dine.

The old Merchant's Wife much Joy did wish him,
Why did not you with you your fair Lady bring;
I thank you dear Madam, she'll wait on you sure,
Tho' many a Time you have seen her before.

Indeed Madam, I could have swore on my Life,
E'er now there had been to wait on you my Wife,
For it is but Reason, I owe it is true,
That she should pay all due Respect unto you.

Madam, my Business at this Time is owing,
Purely unto a She Country Cousin;
Who soon will be coming to fair London Town,
But first must have rich Cloathing and Gown.

Three hundred Guineas she sent me indeed,
To get her rich Cloaths made up with all speed;
She says that I know both her Shape and her Size,
And I think your Maid's of her Shape in my Eyes.

Now Madam, if you but the Trouble will take,
To buy the rich Silks for my dear Cousin's sake
Here's three hundred Guineas, lay out in Brocade,
Let the Taylor take Measure of them by the Maid.

If two hundred more should be wanting to buy,
Those Silks which should happen to please your Eye,
Lay it out pray Madam, and I will repay,

Whate'er you lay out, when I come next this way.

Then taking his Leave straightway he did go,
But Nancy her Bridegroom again did not know.

(5)
The Lady did buy the rich Silks and Brocade,
And the Taylor took Measure by her Waiting-Maid:
With a Coach and Six Horses next Week he did
come,

And asked the Lady if the Garments were done ?
She reply'd, yes Sir, and the best I make bold,
That in *London* can be bought for Silver or Gold,

Yet Sir, I am angry now on my Life,
That you have not brought your new-married Wife,
Madam, she'll wait on you I dare to say,
Before I do happen for to go away.

Dear Madam, since the Cloaths for my Cousin are
done,

Shall I beg that your Maid may put them all on,
So that I may see how they on her do fit,
And then I may know if my Cousin they'll fit.

Yes, Sir, I'll step up Stairs and get the Maid dress'd,
I'll assure you all Things they are bought of the best,
Away went the Lady but when they came down,
The Maid did excell all the Roses in June.

Says the old Merchant's Lady, How like you the
Cloaths ?

They're well made, dear Madam, and in them a Rose,
Nay, in them a Jewel, my Soul and my Life,
I declare now, dear Madam, that this is my Wife.

The Company all did salute the Bride round,
And said, such a Beauty is not to be found :

She seem'd like a Queen, like a Saint was her Voice,
And all the whole company was pleas'd with his choice.

At the head of the Table they placed the Bride,
After Dinner they had Music and Dancing beside :
At Night we'll leave them in the Pleasures of Love,
Where none can exceed them but what is above.

Advice



**Advice from a L A D Y Married, to a
Young L A D Y Unmarried.**

E'ER You read this now you'll suppose,
That some new lifted Lover,
By means of Poetry has chose,
His Passion to discover:
Know fair one, I'm a Matron grave,
Whom Time and Cares have wasted.
Who would thy Youth from sorrow save,
Which I've in Wedlock tasted.

Thy easy Air, thy cheerful Mind,
Thy Temper so alluring;
Thy form for Conquest well design'd,
Gives Torments past enduring:
And Lovers full of Hope and Fears,
Surround thy Beauty daily,
Whilst yet regardless of thy Cares,
Thy Moments pass on gaily.

And pass then Charmer gaily on,
A Maiden whilst you tarry;
For faith your Golden Days are gone,
The Moment that you Marry?
In Courtship we are divine,
And Crowds and Prayers pursue us,
Darts, Flames and Tears adorn our Shrine,
With an awful Eye Men woo us.

When woo'd the Darling Power forget,
Which ignorance has given;
To ease them of infernal Woes,
We must resign our Heaven:
Know, Marriage lets the Vizard fall,
Then cease they to adore us,
The Goddess sinks to Housewife Moll;
And they reign Tyrant o'er us.

Let no Man's Complaint impression make,
Upon thy Heart so tender;
Nor play the Fool for pity sake,
Thy quiet to Surrender:
Fear Apes in Hell, there's no such Thing,
Those Tales are made to fool us,
But there we'd better hold a String,
Then here let Monkeys Rule Us.

A New S O N G.

ARISE sweet Messenger of the Morn,
With thy mild Beams this life adorn,
For long as Shepherds sport and play,
'Tis this shall be a Holiday.

The Nymph be like a blushing Morn,
That gaily lights us o'er the Dawn;
Each Shepherd like the Sun be gay,
And Frolick out this Holiday.

The Morn appears the rosy hue,
Peeps o'er yonder Eastern bue,
Come let us dance in trim array,
And grateful keep this Holiday.

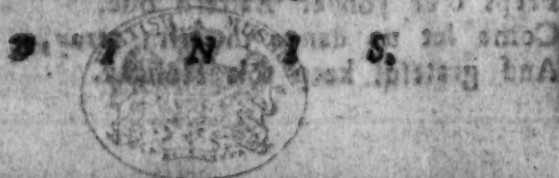
Come all you honest British Soule,
 Let Love and honour crown your Bowls,
 Rejoice, rejoice, and sport and play,
 This Source of many a Holiday.

The Happy Couple.

WHEN Morn her sweets shall first unfold,
 And paint the fleecy Clouds with Gold,
 On tufted Green, O! let me play,
 And welcome up the jocund Day:
 Wak'd by the gentle Voice of Love,
 Arise my Fair, arise and prove,
 The dear delights fond Lovers know,
 The best of Blessings here below.

To some clear River's verdant Side,
 Do thou thy happy Footsteps guide,
 In concert with the purling Stream,
 We'll sing, and Love shall be the Theme;
 E'er Night assumes her gloomy Reign,
 When Shadows lengthen o'er the Plain,
 We'll to the Myrtle Grove repair,
 For Peace and Pleasure waits us there.

The laughing God there keeps his Court,
 And little Loves incessant sport;
 Around the winning Graces wait,
 And calm contentment guards the Seat:
 There lost in Extasies of Joy,
 Whilst tenderest scenes our thoughts employ,
 We'll bless the Hours our Love begun,
 The happy Moment made us one.



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